

A Luncheon for Two at the Plaza
Was the Beginning of a Series of
Somewhat Surprising Developments

The White-Collar Beggar

BY
HOLWORTHY HALL

WHEN the parade reached 35th street there was a mere platoon of survivors. Stolidly they closed around their orator; his rostrum was a soap box, and his banner bore the legend: "Justice for the Unemployed."

A few paces on the fringe of the crowd; one of them a girl. Her limousine, with all its flaunt of capital, had become traffic-bound at the curb. Through the window she had looked out upon the orator and his audience, and on the sidewalk she had picked up the speaking tube and issued orders to the chauffeur. She was in the very act of descending when the orator had pointed to the limousine to illustrate his text.

Automatically a hundred men turned toward her; some of them sneered, some glowered and the nearest—who was certainly the most attractive—treated her to an extraordinary smile.

The girl, with a faint spot of color in each cheek, stood irresolute. She glanced over her shoulder, but the limousine, released from the jam, was moving southward; she hesitated—and the orator reached his finale. Whose fault was it, he inquired, that thousands were in need of work and wages while baby dolls, inclosed in luxury, rode down 5th avenue.

Slowly she turned and went on to the corner and so into the park; the first bench was unoccupied, and she sat down.

Some one came to occupy the other end of the bench, and presently a sound, continuously repeated, drew her attention. On the other end of the bench was the young man who had smiled at her; he was sitting moodily, elbows on knees and jingling a few coins in his hands.

Now ordinarily she was conservative, but the young man was hardly older than herself—and for all his despondency he was unusually good looking and intelligent.

She said to him brusquely: "Do you think that was fair—that man on the box was talking about?"

He went on jingling the coins. "Well," he said reflectively, "there are always two sides to everything, aren't there?"

She relaxed a trifle. "I know, but—"

The young man interrupted her. "Didn't you know, when you came over to that meeting, you were going to hear the other side of it? Didn't you know they think it's your class that's made their class what it is?"

She sat straighter. "But I don't believe the world owes everybody a living—not unless they earn it. And that man said the factories all ought to be kept running, whether they make any money or not, so everybody'd have a chance to work. Why, that wouldn't do any more good than hiring half those people to dig a hole in the ground, and the other half to fill it up again. Would it?"

He growled doubtfully. "That's just what I was thinking about myself. Why should they keep running and lose money—and why shouldn't they, after all they made before?"

SHE sat inspecting him. His forehead was high, his mouth was rather large and sensitive, his eyes were those of a chronic dreamer, and his jaw had the contour which is generally supposed to be the trademark of a fighter. An uncommon type of boy, she thought—uncommonly grained, uncommonly sensible, for one of the unemployed platoon. It seemed incredible that he could belong to it.

"Did you—just stop to listen, as I did?"

"No, no," he said. "I was in the parade."

"But you're not one of that class?"

And then that man on the box—"

Even the recollection of it brought the color back to her cheeks.

"All I cared about was to do something where I could and when I could. But what can I do? What could I do for any of them? What could I do for you? What could I do for myself?"

The young man stopped jingling the coins. "That's funny. Nobody's said that to me for a long, long time."

"Well, what can I do?"

He made a sudden grimace. "There's something you could do for me, all right; but wouldn't it do, anyway?"

"How do you know I wouldn't?"

He was regarding her critically. "To be perfectly frank, I'm hungry, and this"—he displayed the little pile of silver—"is every cent I've got in my pocket. And for the last two weeks I've been eating in hashouses with that same gang. This is pretty far down, even for me. What I'd like is a steak and some human society—and the society counts just as much as the steak. So if you're so anxious to help me personally, take me over to the Plaza and buy me a lunch."

The girl was thunderstruck. "Take you?"

His grin was broadening. "Oh, of course, you wouldn't do it. I know that. You're sorry, but some of your swell friends might see you, so you'll offer to slip me a five-dollar bill instead—in spite of what I said about the society counting as much as the steak. How's that for a good one?"

His whole manner was so amusingly indignant that it aroused, first, her contrariness, and after that, her pride. She believed now that she understood him—he wanted her to give back to him, for an hour, the full armory of his self-respect—a bit of luxury, a bit of irresponsibility. And so few of the platoon would have thought to ask for the pleasure of her company.

She laughed. "No, it isn't a good guess at all. Do you want to go over now?"

As they crossed the threshold of the dining room, she almost wavered. Once seated, however, she gathered poise, and no small part of it from the nonchalance of her companion.

He had said that he was hungry, and his order bore him out; he held strict allegiance to his steak. This, he said, with a vegetable and coffee, would satisfy him. And then he tossed the menu aside and smiled straight into her eyes.

"If you don't mind my saying so," he told her, "you're a darned good sport."

She smiled back at him and then became serious. "I'm glad you think so. I mean to be, but that wasn't the only reason I brought you."

"Then you're going to preach," he said.

"Not very much," she promised. "But there was one thing I did want to tell you. It's this: I've always believed that life won't give us much of anything free; but it'll always sell us anything we're ready to pay for. I mean—whatever you get out of life you have to pay for, one way or another. And you can get practically anything you want if you can enough about it to pay the price. Don't you agree with that?"

wrong, and you lose. Oh, it might get you money—nothing but money—but it wouldn't get you much of any contentment, no matter what you paid. No, I guess happiness is something like a joke—there isn't much flavor to it until you've shared it with somebody else."

Her eyes had shined at them. "And there wasn't any one to share it with?"

"Well, can you imagine a bird with an idea like that having much sentiment?" For a moment he turned away his head. "But it strikes me," he said lightly, "that this is getting to be a monologue. Aren't you going to make me a picture of your life?"

"It wouldn't even be interesting to you. No, go ahead. What are you going to do next?"

He considered gravely. "I was wondering if I hadn't better take my own prescription and start all over again—by marrying somebody."

She laughed spontaneously. "So after carefully explaining to me how you haven't been able to take care of yourself alone you think you'll try taking care of somebody else?"

To her surprise he showed no trace of humor. "I'm not always going to be as broke as this—or as undecided."

"But it sounded so funny the way you said it. 'Marry somebody.' As if you meant you'd marry anybody! As if you couldn't even consult your own taste."

"Oh, yes, I do that. And my own taste is pretty good, too, thank you."

WITH feminine inquisitiveness she followed it up. "What do you imagine she'll be like, then?"

His smile was vaguely distant, but it was also point blank. "Very much like you. I mean to be, but that wasn't the only reason I brought you."

"Then you're going to preach," he said.

"Not very much," she promised. "But there was one thing I did want to tell you. It's this: I've always believed that life won't give us much of anything free; but it'll always sell us anything we're ready to pay for. I mean—whatever you get out of life you have to pay for, one way or another. And you can get practically anything you want if you can enough about it to pay the price. Don't you agree with that?"

He gestured broadly. "Leave me out of it; I'm not licked yet. And never mind how it is that so many people are out of work—the only point is, what's going to be done about it, and who's going to do it. You were wondering with you could do, well, I'm wondering what I can do. Not just for me, but for the whole crowd—especially the white-collar men."

HER eyes softened. "And you can think like that—even now?"

Again that boyish smile. "Wouldn't you have expected it of me?"

"Yes," she said at length. "I would have."

"But just at this minute," he added buoyantly, "just at this minute—when I see that steak coming—my judgment is that the best thing I can possibly do is to eat it and keep on talking."

And then that man on the box—"

Even the recollection of it brought the color back to her cheeks.

"All I cared about was to do something where I could and when I could. But what can I do? What could I do for any of them? What could I do for you? What could I do for myself?"

The young man stopped jingling the coins. "That's funny. Nobody's said that to me for a long, long time."

"Well, what can I do?"

He made a sudden grimace. "There's something you could do for me, all right; but wouldn't it do, anyway?"

"How do you know I wouldn't?"

He was regarding her critically. "To be perfectly frank, I'm hungry, and this"—he displayed the little pile of silver—"is every cent I've got in my pocket. And for the last two weeks I've been eating in hashouses with that same gang. This is pretty far down, even for me. What I'd like is a steak and some human society—and the society counts just as much as the steak. So if you're so anxious to help me personally, take me over to the Plaza and buy me a lunch."

The girl was thunderstruck. "Take you?"

His grin was broadening. "Oh, of course, you wouldn't do it. I know that. You're sorry, but some of your swell friends might see you, so you'll offer to slip me a five-dollar bill instead—in spite of what I said about the society counting as much as the steak. How's that for a good one?"

His whole manner was so amusingly indignant that it aroused, first, her contrariness, and after that, her pride. She believed now that she understood him—he wanted her to give back to him, for an hour, the full armory of his self-respect—a bit of luxury, a bit of irresponsibility. And so few of the platoon would have thought to ask for the pleasure of her company.

She laughed. "No, it isn't a good guess at all. Do you want to go over now?"

As they crossed the threshold of the dining room, she almost wavered. Once seated, however, she gathered poise, and no small part of it from the nonchalance of her companion.

He had said that he was hungry, and his order bore him out; he held strict allegiance to his steak. This, he said, with a vegetable and coffee, would satisfy him. And then he tossed the menu aside and smiled straight into her eyes.

"If you don't mind my saying so," he told her, "you're a darned good sport."

She smiled back at him and then became serious. "I'm glad you think so. I mean to be, but that wasn't the only reason I brought you."

"Then you're going to preach," he said.

"Not very much," she promised. "But there was one thing I did want to tell you. It's this: I've always believed that life won't give us much of anything free; but it'll always sell us anything we're ready to pay for. I mean—whatever you get out of life you have to pay for, one way or another. And you can get practically anything you want if you can enough about it to pay the price. Don't you agree with that?"

wrong, and you lose. Oh, it might get you money—nothing but money—but it wouldn't get you much of any contentment, no matter what you paid. No, I guess happiness is something like a joke—there isn't much flavor to it until you've shared it with somebody else."

Her eyes had shined at them. "And there wasn't any one to share it with?"

"Well, can you imagine a bird with an idea like that having much sentiment?" For a moment he turned away his head. "But it strikes me," he said lightly, "that this is getting to be a monologue. Aren't you going to make me a picture of your life?"

"It wouldn't even be interesting to you. No, go ahead. What are you going to do next?"

He considered gravely. "I was wondering if I hadn't better take my own prescription and start all over again—by marrying somebody."

She laughed spontaneously. "So after carefully explaining to me how you haven't been able to take care of yourself alone you think you'll try taking care of somebody else?"

To her surprise he showed no trace of humor. "I'm not always going to be as broke as this—or as undecided."

"But it sounded so funny the way you said it. 'Marry somebody.' As if you meant you'd marry anybody! As if you couldn't even consult your own taste."

"Oh, yes, I do that. And my own taste is pretty good, too, thank you."

WITH feminine inquisitiveness she followed it up. "What do you imagine she'll be like, then?"

His smile was vaguely distant, but it was also point blank. "Very much like you. I mean to be, but that wasn't the only reason I brought you."

"Then you're going to preach," he said.

"Not very much," she promised. "But there was one thing I did want to tell you. It's this: I've always believed that life won't give us much of anything free; but it'll always sell us anything we're ready to pay for. I mean—whatever you get out of life you have to pay for, one way or another. And you can get practically anything you want if you can enough about it to pay the price. Don't you agree with that?"

He gestured broadly. "Leave me out of it; I'm not licked yet. And never mind how it is that so many people are out of work—the only point is, what's going to be done about it, and who's going to do it. You were wondering with you could do, well, I'm wondering what I can do. Not just for me, but for the whole crowd—especially the white-collar men."

HER eyes softened. "And you can think like that—even now?"

Again that boyish smile. "Wouldn't you have expected it of me?"

"Yes," she said at length. "I would have."

"But just at this minute," he added buoyantly, "just at this minute—when I see that steak coming—my judgment is that the best thing I can possibly do is to eat it and keep on talking."

And then that man on the box—"

Even the recollection of it brought the color back to her cheeks.

"All I cared about was to do something where I could and when I could. But what can I do? What could I do for any of them? What could I do for you? What could I do for myself?"

The young man stopped jingling the coins. "That's funny. Nobody's said that to me for a long, long time."

"Well, what can I do?"

He made a sudden grimace. "There's something you could do for me, all right; but wouldn't it do, anyway?"

"How do you know I wouldn't?"

He was regarding her critically. "To be perfectly frank, I'm hungry, and this"—he displayed the little pile of silver—"is every cent I've got in my pocket. And for the last two weeks I've been eating in hashouses with that same gang. This is pretty far down, even for me. What I'd like is a steak and some human society—and the society counts just as much as the steak. So if you're so anxious to help me personally, take me over to the Plaza and buy me a lunch."

The girl was thunderstruck. "Take you?"

His grin was broadening. "Oh, of course, you wouldn't do it. I know that. You're sorry, but some of your swell friends might see you, so you'll offer to slip me a five-dollar bill instead—in spite of what I said about the society counting as much as the steak. How's that for a good one?"

His whole manner was so amusingly indignant that it aroused, first, her contrariness, and after that, her pride. She believed now that she understood him—he wanted her to give back to him, for an hour, the full armory of his self-respect—a bit of luxury, a bit of irresponsibility. And so few of the platoon would have thought to ask for the pleasure of her company.

She laughed. "No, it isn't a good guess at all. Do you want to go over now?"

As they crossed the threshold of the dining room, she almost wavered. Once seated, however, she gathered poise, and no small part of it from the nonchalance of her companion.

He had said that he was hungry, and his order bore him out; he held strict allegiance to his steak. This, he said, with a vegetable and coffee, would satisfy him. And then he tossed the menu aside and smiled straight into her eyes.

"If you don't mind my saying so," he told her, "you're a darned good sport."

She smiled back at him and then became serious. "I'm glad you think so. I mean to be, but that wasn't the only reason I brought you."

"Then you're going to preach," he said.

"Not very much," she promised. "But there was one thing I did want to tell you. It's this: I've always believed that life won't give us much of anything free; but it'll always sell us anything we're ready to pay for. I mean—whatever you get out of life you have to pay for, one way or another. And you can get practically anything you want if you can enough about it to pay the price. Don't you agree with that?"

And then that man on the box—"

Even the recollection of it brought the color back to her cheeks.

"All I cared about was to do something where I could and when I could. But what can I do? What could I do for any of them? What could I do for you? What could I do for myself?"

The young man stopped jingling the coins. "That's funny. Nobody's said that to me for a long, long time."

"Well, what can I do?"

He made a sudden grimace. "There's something you could do for me, all right; but wouldn't it do, anyway?"

"How do you know I wouldn't?"

He was regarding her critically. "To be perfectly frank, I'm hungry, and this"—he displayed the little pile of silver—"is every cent I've got in my pocket. And for the last two weeks I've been eating in hashouses with that same gang. This is pretty far down, even for me. What I'd like is a steak and some human society—and the society counts just as much as the steak. So if you're so anxious to help me personally, take me over to the Plaza and buy me a lunch."

The girl was thunderstruck. "Take you?"

His grin was broadening. "Oh, of course, you wouldn't do it. I know that. You're sorry, but some of your swell friends might see you, so you'll offer to slip me a five-dollar bill instead—in spite of what I said about the society counting as much as the steak. How's that for a good one?"

His whole manner was so amusingly indignant that it aroused, first, her contrariness, and after that, her pride. She believed now that she understood him—he wanted her to give back to him, for an hour, the full armory of his self-respect—a bit of luxury, a bit of irresponsibility. And so few of the platoon would have thought to ask for the pleasure of her company.

She laughed. "No, it isn't a good guess at all. Do you want to go over now?"

As they crossed the threshold of the dining room, she almost wavered. Once seated, however, she gathered poise, and no small part of it from the nonchalance of her companion.

He had said that he was hungry, and his order bore him out; he held strict allegiance to his steak. This, he said, with a vegetable and coffee, would satisfy him. And then he tossed the menu aside and smiled straight into her eyes.

"If you don't mind my saying so," he told her, "you're a darned good sport."

She smiled back at him and then became serious. "I'm glad you think so. I mean to be, but that wasn't the only reason I brought you."

"Then you're going to preach," he said.

"Not very much," she promised. "But there was one thing I did want to tell you. It's this: I've always believed that life won't give us much of anything free; but it'll always sell us anything we're ready to pay for. I mean—whatever you get out of life you have to pay for, one way or another. And you can get practically anything you want if you can enough about it to pay the price. Don't you agree with that?"



THEY HAD FORGOTTEN THE CLOCK, CLASS DISTINCTIONS AND THE SHORTNESS OF THEIR ACQUAINTANCE.



"TAKE ME TO THE PLAZA AND BUY MY LUNCH," SAID HE TO THE GIRL.

THE afternoon had long since worn away; the room was slowly filling with fashionables come for tea, but the two had forgotten the clock. And in forgetting the clock they had also forgotten class distinctions and the shortness of their acquaintance.

He proved her intuition correct. "You've given me an afternoon in a thousand," he said abruptly. "And I've repaid you very badly."

She answered: "No; it's the other way around."

Goes 14,000 Miles To Become Bride

BY WILL F. KENNEDY.

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE evidence that romance cannot be stifled and is sometimes born in that somber gray building near the White House, where affairs of state and international negotiations are guarded in opposite secrecy, is furnished by Miss Mary H. MacDonnell, a beautiful and talented Washington girl, who this week is starting on a 14,000-mile journey to the capital of Persia to be married to Dr. A. C. Millspaugh, a young American, who is reorganizing the financial affairs of that government.

From the model city of Washington and out of the most thoroughly modern civilization and progressive life to be found anywhere in the world, this young woman will travel alone by primitive routes through lands that were "civilized by the sword" ages before America was discovered, across a great salt desert, across lands that have been a theater of warfare for 2,500 years, since Cyrus in B. C. 559-529, by conquering and uniting Media, Babylonia, Lydia and all Asia Minor, became the founder of the Persian empire.

Through the regions where the greatest chiefs of ancient history fought for monarchies—the three Dariuses, Xerxes, the three Artaxerxes and Alexander—this dainty product of modern civilization and culture will journey with her heart as guide to the ancient city of Teheran, which was fixed as his capital by the ruler, Puteh Ali Shah in 1796—to keep her troth.

She goes alone to this next station in her romance, which began when Dr. Millspaugh was economic adviser to the State Department and she was his private secretary, but she goes under the protection of two governments, carrying letters from the Secretary of State and the Persian minister, and with personal acquaintances in the diplomatic and consular service ready to care for her at each of the principal stopping places on her long journey that will take at least two months.

For five years Miss MacDonnell has been a confidential employee of the Department of State. She is a native of Lynn, Mass., and a graduate of the Massachusetts State Normal School at Salem. She is a musician, playing the harp and piano, and has delighted Washington audiences as a member of the Washington Opera Company.

It must have been the little blind rod of love which directed the assignment of her to the Persian capital, for she should be assigned as private secretary to Dr. Millspaugh. He was considered a confirmed bachelor, so keen and brilliant himself that he had scant patience with any clerk. So the appointment clerk was in desperation to find an efficient secretary for him. Miss MacDonnell seemed sent to meet the emergency.

It is generally admitted around the State Department that a fair portion of the notable work done by Dr. Millspaugh as foreign trade advisor, as the first petroleum specialist the department ever had, and for whom the office of economic advisor was originated, owed its great success to the careful co-operation of Miss MacDonnell.

Dr. Millspaugh was born in Augusta, Mich., forty years ago. He received his education in economics and political science at Albion College, the University of Illinois, and Johns Hopkins. He has received many degrees. He has been instructor in political science at Johns Hopkins and professor of political science at Whitman College, Washington state. He was appointed a consul of class 4, July 1, 1921. He is the author of several political treatises.

As the first petroleum specialist of the State Department, he was in close touch with all that the United States government did for three years in lending its support to American petroleum interests in foreign countries. He was always consulted in negotiations on all questions to which

the United States government was a party—the most important of which have had to do with Mesopotamia and equality of opportunity for American oil men under the British mandate; the Dutch East Indies, and the grant-in-aid of exclusive concession by the Netherlands government for exploitation and development work in the Djambi oil field to Royal Dutch interests; Mexico and its oil confiscation



DR. ARTHUR C. MILLSPAUGH.
Photo by Clineland.

and taxation problems; the so-called "Chester" concession in the Mesopotamian fields by the Angora government, and, more recently, Persia and the conflicting claims of the Standard and Anglo-Persian oil companies to concessions in that country.

In anticipation that the international oil situation might be taken up fully at the recent Washington conference on limitation of armaments, a report was prepared by Dr. Millspaugh for information of American delegates and economic advisers, that was characterized as the most complete document of the sort ever drafted.

While an official of the State Department, Dr. Millspaugh was in close touch with important American and foreign interests and was well known to leading officials, members of Congress and diplomats interested in international aspects of the oil situation.

A year ago, while assigned to an important mission to London, he was engaged by the Persian government to reorganize its financial affairs. The contract, which runs for five years, was approved by the Persian majlis, or parliament, at a salary of \$15,000.

The work which Dr. Millspaugh is now performing is somewhat similar, but broader in scope than that performed some years ago by W. Morgan Shuster, also of this city, who was treasurer general of Persia. Mr. Millspaugh organized a staff of specialists, taken mostly from the United States government service, to assist him in his mission, which in spite of political upheaval, is progressing most satisfactorily.

When Dr. Millspaugh went to Persia last year he tried hard to persuade his fiancée to accompany him, but she was not quite ready to leave her parents and two sisters with whom she lived at 2252 Cathedral avenue, formerly occupied by William B. Wilson when Secretary of Labor.

When Dr. Millspaugh was unable to come for his bride, she decided she would make the far trip alone to cheer him and again help, in his trying work, among strangers in a strange land.

So, after well wishes from all her associates in the State Department, from Secretary Hughes to the messenger, and a series of farewell parties, Miss MacDonnell is sailing from New York on the Lafayette (French liner). She will go direct to Paris and to the American embassy. There will be letters and a cablegram awaiting her from Dr. Millspaugh, advising her regarding the final stages of her trip and just where he will be able to meet her. The shortest route from Paris will take forty days, and it is probable that she will take the long water route.

From Paris she will proceed to Marseilles, where Consul Wesley Frost, with whom she is personally well acquainted, will meet her. Then by boat Miss MacDonnell will journey down the Mediterranean sea to Alexandria, where she will be met by Consul Lord Maynard. From Alexandria, she will proceed to Cairo, Egypt, where she will be under the care of the American minister, J